THE EVENING SUN
More and Later News than all other Evening Papers combined.

The Sun.

THE EVENING SUN
has a larger circulation than any other evening newspaper.

VOL. LVI.—NO. 243. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1889—TWELVE PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

A MILLION WITNESSES!

The Centenary Spectacles Move Grandly On.

THANKSGIVING BEGINS THE DAY

And Then Where Washington's Oath Was Sworn Harrison Speaks and Listens.

ELEVEN MILES OF SOLDIERY,

But Their Numbers Nothing to the Numbers of Those Who Cheered Them.

GREAT DAY FOR THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Never a Muster Like This Before, Each Governor Leading the Troops of His State.

A Pity the Route was Not Kept Clear and Had to Be Cleared by Violence of Men, Women, and Children—Bishop Potter's Sermon to President Harrison on the Degeneracy of Our Republican Morals—Dr. Depew's Oration and Mr. Harrison's Response—A Banquet for 800 and Fireworks for 800,000 Close the Day—Morning Hours of the Centennial Ball.

It was another blizzard. Once again the streets were blockaded, the surface travel was stopped, the elevated roads were glutted, business was suspended, and the city surrendered to the downpour. This time it was a human blizzard, a storm of men and women. Just as a year and a month ago four storms met over this then hapless city and expended their combined fury upon our streets, so yesterday the tracks of the four winds of heaven were followed by rushing masses of men, women, and children who met within our city limits. Just as last year this particular neighborhood was singled out by the furious disturbance, so yesterday a few streets in the heart of the city sustained the shock of this second tempest.

The greatest drifts were in Broadway and Fifth avenue. There the personified flakes were banked up from the curbs high against the buildings, the rushing masses of black human hail were swept over the enormous stands to rise like vast drifts that walled in the roadways beside the parks, little drifts overwhelmed the thousands of private stands, the more numerous trucks placed at the street corners, and the high stoops of the aristocratic avenue. Everything was covered with these animate flakes. Just as the snow and hail once fell on the ledges and roofs of the houses, just as it once blocked the windows and store doors, just as it covered the sidewalks and the barrels and boxes and hid every object beneath its all-enveloping blanket of pure white, so yesterday this living black pall of men and women and children covered, submerged, hid, and swallowed up every inch that it could cling to from the Bowling Green to Central Park and from Fourth to Sixth avenue.

The unparalleled storm set in at daybreak with a few squalls blown over the ferries. They were of unusual severity, yet they gave no hint of the fearful downpour that was to follow. Other sourries and whirls of the black particles came out from the depots up town and across the rivers at breakfast time, and by 9 o'clock the four fearful circling gales that whirled 700,000 human flakes into Broadway and Fifth avenue were blowing their mightiest. At that time there was no cross-town street that did not serve as a vehicle for the hurrying atoms that were to bank themselves on either side of the long line of march of the great military parade of the actual centenary of Washington's inauguration and the formation of our national Government.

Meteorologists will sagely ascribe the remarkable event to the attractive power of 50,000 uniformed soldiers. They will have a certain basis for this theory. As long ago as the science of such prognostication was in its infancy it used to ibe observed that one man in blue clothes, with brass buttons, possessed potency sufficient to draw the servant girls and children of an entire city block from the basement doors into the areaways, while a single company of militiamen would actually fill the streets with persons powerless to resist the mysterious attraction. Our present postal service is based upon this psychic law. The uniforming of the letter carriers has never failed to bring the inmates of each house to the windows along the fearriers' routes. The same law has been taken advantage of negatively by the Fire Department. The drawing power of the men was such that their movements were impeded and the fire bells were long ago silenced so as to diminish the already too great accretions of humanity wherever a fire broke out. Taking these simple facts as a basis of calculation it is easy to figure upon the attractive force of any given number of men in uniform, viz.: given that one policeman attracts all the servants and children on his post a parade of 50,000 troops like that of yesterday will draw the whole city full out of its houses and bring in from far distant points a mighty gathering of strangers irresistibly magnetized.

A MILLION SPECTATORS.

To abandon all theory and reach the facts in the case of the great celebration it may be said that the police and the railroad men agree that there were at least half a million strangers in town yesterday. That gave the city a temporary population of 2,350,000 persons yesterday, for, to the 1,600,000 resident population, must be added the 250,000 who come to town every day in the year except Sundays and who were more than represented by the influx from the near suburbs. That is to say, that if any who usually came spent the day at home there were more than enough others to take their places.

Broadway and Fifth avenue were jammed by sightseers yesterday as no New York streets ever were crowd before. The crowding began at 8 o'clock, and there was no diminution of it until after dark. It is estimated that with the people standing eight deep on both sides of the five-and-a-half-mile route the crowd must have numbered 457,600 persons in rough figures. To these must be added the 90,000 persons on the big and little reviewing stands, which makes a sum of 547,600 souls; and then, again, these must be swelled by the persons who crowded upon the 4,000 trucks in the side streets. At an average of 25 persons to each truck, and that is moderate, this adds 100,000 more to the overwhelming multitude, and produces a total of 647,600 spectators of the parade, without including the enormous number that viewed it from the windows, doorways, and roofs. If this estimate is over large because it gives only a foot to each person to stand in, it is equally wrong the other way in counting the people as standing eight rows deep. As a matter of fact, they have stood from ten to fifteen rows deep. It is not wild guessing to say that a million persons saw yesterday's parade.

One feature of this amazing spectacle—one huge block of the immense and solid cube of people—will live in the minds of all who saw it so long as they live. For some reason the police permitted the people to get in to the roadway of Fifth avenue above Madison square, and presently they blocked the great thoroughfare solidly. The police themselves, accustomed as they are to crowds, were amazed at the wonderful scene this produced. Those who with Inspector Byrnes were at the Madison Square stands, called out their friends to share their wonder with them. The sight was most impressive. From the square to Thirty-eighth street, or perhaps a block or more higher uptown, Murray Hill rises above the general level of the town. Up that eminence Fifth avenue looked like a vast human gutter—a trough bottomed and sided with humanity.

BRUTAL FORCE IN FIFTH AVENUE.

The people packed the stoops and rose in curving lines up the street at the sides. Far as the sight reached, their heads and hats formed a new and upper pavement of the avenue. Some mounted police were sent to disperse them from the roadway. They rode to the face of the mass of people at Twenty-eighth street, but made no impression on the solid multitude. They did not try. They were not brutal. They simply rode up against the wall of mankind, and then were stopped, and then they ordered the people to scatter. The people were not obstinate. They were helpless. They could not move.

After that, when the procession reached that point, another body of forty odd mounted men succeeded better. It scarcely would be believed. It sounds incredible that a day of national thanksgiving should be marred so brutally. But the fact is certain that the second squad did by violence what the others failed to do. They proclaimed war. Forming their ranks into a wedge, with the point toward the people, they spurred their horses and pressed ahead. Into the crowd they went, disregarding the shrieks of the women and children, ignoring those who fainted and fell, heeding not at all those whose feet, at least, they trod upon. It was an act and a scene that strong men cannot talk about to-day without trembling with excitement. Fortunately, there was some sympathy and succor near. Mrs. Paran Stevens, whose house is at the southeast corner of Twenty-eighth street and Fifth avenue, saw the scene, and opening her door, took in several hundred of the women and children who were hurt and frightened and had fainted. She gave them food and drink as well.

So much for the massing of the people.

There was an overflow of those who could not see the parade. They made Sixth avenue, Lexington avenue, and Third and Fourth avenues lively with a sort of Fourth of July festivity. They were in their best clothes, and were happy and smiling. Lovers hung on lovers' arms and mothers and children went hand in hand. Householders and matrons from probably half the States of the Union were in the throngs, staring honestly and without self-consciousness or shame-facedness at the wonders of the great city. There was little drunkenness. There were few horse cars. The elevated trains were packed. The day had opened under heavy clouds, and there was blowing a fresh wind that made the soldiers complain, long after the sun came out, whenever they had to stand in the shade. At 11 o'clock the sun broke its cloud bonds and deluged the air with golden shining. Even the Harrison hoodoo, that has marred every ceremony he has taken part in since he became President, was overcome by New York's luck. So that it was altogether a glad day.

HAPPY MEN AND PRETTY WOMEN.

The ribbons of red, white, and blue, of which we spoke yesterday, became more than ever the feature of the celebration. Tens of thousands of women wore them. One such bow knot beautified a woman. One such bow redeemed ill-fitting gowns, and freshened seedy ones. Tens of thousands of them illuminated the crowds. Then the men and boys bought medals and pins and hung them on their coats, so that they, too, reflected the festival spirit of the day. That strange impulse of mankind to decorate itself, which leads to the hundreds of semi-military organizations and uniformed clubs we have in town, shone out in the rush for the medals that the curbstone peddlers sold. Possibly each man felt that to wear one of those bits of metal connected him with the formal and military programme of the day.

An ingenious fellow on Eighth avenue profited by the demand for ribbons. He had a quarter of a dollar, and laid it out in four yards of red, white, and blue ribbon. He got some pins and a pair of scissors and began to hawk his stock. In the afternoon he was getting rich.

"I keep me brudder running for ribbon when I get pretty near sold out," said he, "and every time I send him to der store I give him all I've took in. I double me capital every trip."

On the Sixth avenue the small thread and needle stores were selling centennial corsets, the queerest outcome of the holiday craze. There were gorgeous stays all trimmed with red, white, and blue ribbons and little flags. Was it possible that the proud carriage of some of the rustic matrons and the sparkle in their eyes as they shade the streets were due to the consciousness that under their gowns they wore these glorious, yet sacred, garments? There must be a pride that goes with jewelled garters, though the awful mysteries of the sun worshippers were not so sacred as that. Then why may not some of the gladness on the street yesterday be traceable to these gorgeous inner vestments, as gaudy as the feather girdles of South Pacific maidens?

Pride takes a queer form in times of popular excitement. Witness a sign strung all across a house in South Fifth avenue:

WE, THE PEOPLE OF
SOUTH FIFTH AVENUE,
ARE OF GEORGE
WASHINGTON JUST AS PROUD.

The wording of that is peculiar, but the sentiment is as elevating and creditable as any that is expressed in any form on the upper and more swell Fifth avenue. Under this head it is worth noting that the further one gets from upper Fifth avenue the more general and profuse is the decoration of the houses.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE DAY.

The formal celebration of the centennial opened with the ringing of the bells in all the churches that had them. There were services in many churches, notably in the Episcopalian and the Dutch Reformed. The old Dutch Church, which now worships at Twenty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, sounded its thanksgiving with a bell cast in Amsterdam in 1731. The Dutch Church was the loyal one in the dark days of the Revolution; the Episcopal Church was a Tory body. It necessarily was so, for its clergy had to take their orders in England, and most of them came from there. George Washington was a churchman, however, and that is why he went to St. Paul's 100 years ago, and we held especial exercises there to-day. The Episcopalians are as jubilant to-day as if they were in good odor in this city in 1789, which they were not. They say that in this country their membership has increased far beyond the proportionate increase of the population, and that in this city, in the last five years, their gain has been more than 31 per cent., against an average gain of 3 per cent. by all the other Protestant sects.

Yesterday morning a notable procession went from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to old St. Paul's, at Vesey street and Broadway. In it were the President, Vice-President, Supreme Court Justices, Gov. Hill, Mayor Grant, Grover Cleveland, Rutherford B. Hayes, Senators Evarts and Hiscock, the Cabinet Secretaries, the Bishops of New York, Long Island, Iowa, and Tennessee; Mrs. Harrison, Lieut.-Gov. and Mrs. Jones, Senator John Sherman, Gen. Sherman, Senator Ingalls, ex-Secretary Bayard, and many others.

The omnipresent committeemen were there, of course. It had been said that the church service was the only feature at which Elbridge T. Gerry would not speak. But he did speak, all the same. He made the responses. He is invincible.

The church was resplendently decorated with flags and flowers. Unique among all the decorations of the town were the old thirteen-starred flag of the last century side by side with the royal standard of France—emblems of the combined forces that overthrew the irksome English rule over our people.

The President sat in George Washington's pew, which is still preserved in the church. The Governor sat in the pew that once was Gov. Clinton's. The most valuable part of the service—which followed a prescribed formula—was the address of Bishop Henry C. Potter, who preached because the then Bishop of New York did so one hundred years ago. Bishop Potter talked to President Harrison after a manner that will be variously judged by various persons. It has not yet occurred to any one else to adopt the tone he did before the President. He sailed into practical politics and patronage grabbing right and left. He said it would be interesting, but impossible, to fancy the first President confronted by a modern "practical" politician. "The loathing, the outraged majesty with which he would have bade such a creature to be gone," the good Bishop pictured as most impressive. Afterward he attacked the Democrats, coining the idea that Washingtonian dignity had degenerated into Jeffersonian simplicity, which was only another name for "Jacksonian vulgarity." There was glorious singing in the church by Miss Bella Watson and Miss Clara B. Leck, sopranos; Miss Tuttle and Miss Bachman, altos, and some trained male voices. The distinguished guests had been taken to their pews by Trinity vestrymen, whose names are to a surprising extent reflected in the names of down-town streets, *i. e.*, Pell, Clarkson, Jay, Leroy, Morris, and Van Cortlandt.

THE WALL STREET SCENE.

From the church the people moved to the platform built on the porch of the Sub-Treasury building, the site of Federal Hall, on whose balcony Washington took the oath as President. Wall street was packed with people, and so was Broad street as far as the Stock Exchange entrance. There was a lesser crowd in Nassau street. Police in great force kept order around the temporary platform. Artillerymen were on duty on the outskirts of the dense mass of people. The Free Masons had brought down the Bible on which Gen. Washington took the oath, and in its plush envelope it rested on a table once owned by Washington. There was a chair of Washington's there also for President Harrison to occupy. Had Grover Cleveland been President he could not have sat in it.

The procession to the Sub-Treasury was very late. The platform was crowded when the great men came at 10¾ o'clock, save for the seats reserved for them. The President, the ex-President and the ex-defacto President sat well forward with Messrs. Gerry, Hamilton, the elder Mr. Fish, Chief Justice Fuller and a few of his colleagues, and Mr. Depew, the orator of the occasion. The clergymen made an imposing appearance. Archbishop Corrigan wore his purple beretta, his purple dalmati, a long robe reaching to the ground, and his golden pectoral cross and chain; the Rev. Dr. Storrs wore the black gown in which he preaches. Dr. Eliphalet Potter and the Bishop of Iowa were in partial canonical attire. Gov. Hill did not go there. There was great applause when President Harrison was recognized, and Grover Cleveland was afterward the centre of a crowd of persons anxious to grasp his hand.

Dr. Storrs offered a prayer, which was couched in a tone half of thanksgiving and half of petition. Clarence W. Bowen read the poem written at Danvers, Mass., by John Greenleaf Whittier. This is its last verse:

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with the pledge a century old.

After that Mr. Chauncey M. Depew spoke for twenty-five minutes, and the President followed in a short address, which was concluded by the Benediction, pronounced by Archbishop Corrigan. The President had difficulty in finding his voice at the outset, but presently he made himself heard clearly by all on the platform.

FIFTY THOUSAND SOLDIERS IN LINE.

The greatest military parade ever seen in America, except on the assembling of the troops in Washington at the close of the war, was under way when the literary exercises closed. Then the President, Vice-President, Mayor Grant, Messrs. Cleveland and Hayes—in a word, all the notables except Gov. Hill, who was at the head of his troops, were driven to the reviewing stand in Madison square. They drove up the line of march in nearly a dozen carriages, and passed miles of soldiers and Grand Army men who were drawn up along the curbing. The decorations of the reviewing stand were wretched. The President and the others occupied a bow-shaped platform projecting from the stand. This was badly decorated, the most conspicuous ornament being a naked boy of the same lineage as the tipsy soldiers on the arch at Twenty-sixth street.

The President stayed until nearly the end from 1 o'clock. The procession had not passed the reviewing stand until nearly 7 o'clock. It was indeed a wonder. Its men numbered more nearly 52,000 than 50,000, and the line was twice as long as the route, a matter of eleven miles in all. Nearly every State in the Union was represented, and with surprising numbers, the Pacific States being the most notable absentees. For five hours and a half the soldiers marched. For so many hours the air of Broadway was charged with stirring music, with the regular tread of hoofs and shoes, the rattle of gun carriages, the clink of sabres, and the gorgeous and kaleidoscopic panorama of colors. For nearly six hours the people stood in solid ranks along the line of march, and the soldiers were hemmed in by these living walls, and saw the multitude towering far above their heads, in the windows, on the balconies, and on the roof edges. Cheering was continuous.

Fancy the fatigue of the marching men! And the greater fatigue of the standing multitude! There went to bed last night more almost utterly exhausted men, women, and children than ever slept in the brisk sea-laden night air of the metropolis.

It sounds cruel, but it is a fact that one commander of a military body in the line told THE SUN reporter that soldiers march best when they are tired.

"Before that they are uneven and uncertain in their ranks and step, but once tired as we were after our long waiting to-day they easily fall into the long thirty-inch swing of the route step, and keep it up as long as we wish like so many machines. That is the marching that the spectators admire. It is when the men are tired that the people cheer them."

This was a notable and proud city organization.

"Do you let your men drink?" the officer was asked.

"Not until noon, and then only a little water. Much water makes them sick, alcohol makes them drunk, and all drinking is very bad. While we wait if a man needs to leave the ranks we send a guard with him to see that he does not drink, even water."

That was the rule with that organization, but there were others from other States which fairly mobbed the down-town beer saloons while waiting in Nassau and Church streets for the order to fall in the great parade.

NINETY-FIVE HUNDRED AN HOUR.

There were many remarkable points about this greatest of our country's military parade. In the first place, the city never was so clean on such an occasion. Not all the thanks are due to Street Cleaner Coleman. It was the two days' rain that freshened the streets and made their stones shine. But the quick marching was the wonder of all who saw it. It will be the wonder of all military men who read of it now and anon.

It has been said that to march 7,000 men past a given point in an hour was considered wonderful. THE SUN'S reporters and others counted the bodies yesterday as they swept along the avenue and Broadway, and invariably they were going at the rate of 9,500 an hour, sometimes a few less, sometimes a few more, but always at that average rate. After they marched breast to shoulder, nearly always the ranks stretched across the wide street from curb to curb, often with twenty-two men in each rank. The average number side by side was eighteen. The regular army were wonderfully close together. The knees of the West Point cadets fitted into the bends of the fellows' legs ahead of them. Thus eleven miles of men were able to walk over five and a half miles of streets in five hours and a half. It was a beneficent accomplishment, proud for the men, comforting to the people on the stands, valuable to the men and women on foot.

THE SUN WAS THERE.

The very first man in the great procession was a stalwart, broad-chested man, of imposing height, and evident great strength. He walked with the officer in command of the first platoon of police. All the thousands looked at him, for he was in civilian dress. The million wondered who he was. He was a reporter of THE SUN, just in from Oklahoma and No Man's Land. Other SUN reporters were on the stands, in the crowds, in the windows, on the roofs, and among the troops at rest in lower Broadway and the down-town side streets.

Major-Gen. Schofield, at the head of the troops of the regular army, was splendid and gorgeous, commanding and almost royal in appearance. His new shiny blue and glistening gold, his splendid presence and figure, and his beautiful horse, all combined to bring him constant applause. He is not a Winfield Scott nor a Hancock. They were majestic. But he cuts a fine figure, none the less. His staff made a splendid picture also. Two thousand or more regulars followed him. First came the cavalry and then the infantry, and after these the West Point Cadets in their gray and white dress and with their wonderful step.

There were four crack marching bodies in the parade, the West Pointers, the Cadets, the Seventh New York, and the Michigan Military Academy prize winners. Each had their admirers and partisans. We think the contest lay between the Federal cadets and our Seventh Regiment. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Brooklyn Twenty-third won miles of cheering for its beautiful marching.

The artillery and light batteries of the regulars, with their polished steel cannons and heavy jolting carriages, made a grand showing. Then came the marines, the naval 'prentice boys, and the sailormen, all in blue and all flinging their white canvas leggings to and fro beneath them like the feet of a giant caterpillar. The cadets did well, looked finely, and won great applause. The Jack tars bowled and lumbered and swayed along very amusingly—but who ever laughed at sailors? Who that has not a tender heart for them, and a little touch of sentiment when they are seen or mentioned?

After the regulars came the home guard, as they are called—the militiamen of the National Guard of the various States placed in line in the order in which the States gained entrance to the Union. They made the dazzling, the picturesque, and pretty part of the great show—the part the ladies liked. Each State's quota was led by its Commander-in-Chief, the Governor of the State. Delaware's peacock blue band excited admiration.

PENNSYLVANIA'S EIGHT THOUSAND.

Gov. Beaver, impressive, crippled by the loss of his left leg, and lashed to his horse, led the eight thousand men of Pennsylvania, the practical working turnout of the State's full force. He was in civilian dress. So were most of the Governors, though their staff officers were resplendent. The 8,000 Pennsylvanians carried all the impediments of marching troops—that is to say, their knapsacks, blankets, haversacks, canteens, cups, and cartridge boxes. It must have been a sorry day for them, for they were on the road all yesterday, and crowded the elevated trains up to daylight, but they looked happy. Gen. Hastings, who is nationally admired, was looking his best as the practical head of the troops.

Then came New Jersey's men, with Gov. Green in command. His men made a magnificent appearance. Pennsylvania had come in sober State uniforms, but the Jersey men wore their differing regimentals, some of which were gorgeous. Delaware had 750 men, Pennsylvania 8,000, New Jersey 3,700. Georgia sent only 35 men, Gov. Gordon and his staff.

Connecticut should be proud of her men. The Governor's Foot Guards, with their grenadier hats, red coats, and buff breeches, were lady winners, and the Zouaves were very "scrumptious," as they might say, themselves. There were 600 of these animated wooden nutmegs in the line. Then came the old Bay State, led by her Governor and her 200-year-old Ancient and Honorable Artillery, in their varying styles of dress, for they are not dressed alike. There were 1,500 men of Massachusetts here, among them a pair of corps of cadets, one corps in white and one in red, that won great admiration. The band of the 500 Marylanders played "Hail to the Chief." The sober blue New Hampshire quota of 1,000 men in three regiments was a contribution, like that of Pennsylvania, of all the soldiers of the State.

The Governor of North Carolina, John P. Richardson, proudly commanded 350 men; but, alas! he was far from the Governor of South Carolina. Twelve thousand New Yorkers parted the two Governors, so that what one said to the other the other could not hear.

Fitzhugh Lee, of princely presence and noble Southern lineage, was cheered to the echo from the Bowling Green to Central Park. Stout, broad, bearded, soldierly by instinct and training, glorious in his uniform, he was the proudest of the Governors, our own not excepted. He led 500 cavalrymen and artillerymen.

NEW YORK BEATS THEM ALL.

Then came the wonderful showing of the Empire State. Ninety per cent. of her men were in line. They numbered 12,000 in 4 brigades, 18 regiments, 1 battalion, and 5 batteries. They were led by 1,000 officers. Some had come from Buffalo, some from Ogdensburgh, some from Malone. All the force, except the sick and other excused men, were behind the bay horse that Gov. Hill rode—the second horse he ever rode, or, at least, the second occasion of his riding, as Commander-in-Chief of our State Army and Navy. He wore citizen's dress. His staff, with Gen. Porter as his proud attendant, looked finely, and so did Brig.-Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, whose staff wore white breeches of the most immaculate freshness. A fuller report enumerates the commands in line. The Seventh brought out 1,021 out of its quota of 1,075 men. The Brooklyn men were not as warmly greeted by our citizens as they deserved, but the Twenty-third marched so well as to wring applause from all.

After these bodies came the men of North Carolina, Rhode Island, and Ohio, 3,500 strong; Louisiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Florida, Texas, the District of Columbia, the Loyal Legion, and the Grand Army. There were 11,000 Grand Army men in the ranks. The Belknap Rifles of Texas, all in white, were warmly greeted. In all there were 38,000 men in military uniform in the line.

The down-town streets were held by the troops in waiting during most of the day. All the region below Chambers street on one side and Beekman on the other was filled with men in uniform. Thousands upon thousands who could not see the parade itself walked past these troops and admired them.

PICTURESQUE BUT WARLIKE.

All over the streets the scene formed a curious blending of peaceful and warlike pictures. Drummer boys sat on their drums in the middle of Nassau street, while long lines of stacked arms blocked the road. The men of the country regiments from New York State who were on Nassau street besieged the beer saloons and restaurants, while the Virginia men, mainly on their big lumbering horses, sat patiently halt the day behind their gallant leader, Fitzhugh Lee. Near the Bowling Green the tall raw-boned New Hampshire men stood looking on with wonder, while the janitors' wives and children literally filled the air with flying quotation tapes. It is a new trick these people had discovered. They took an ordinary coil of tape, such as is used in tickers, and they pulled the inner end out, after which the coil unwound itself in a long crinkled stream of paper. These snake-like white ribbons issued from hundreds of windows, caught upon thousands of wires and scores of tall poles, so that presently the air was all a-flutter with these narrow bands, and the streets became immensely more picturesque.

On Church street the Seventy-first, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Twenty-second, and Sixty-ninth Regiments were at rest, all just as neat and trim and proud as soldier men could be. The Seventh, as usual, was full of fun and frolic. Companies of the men kept visiting the Sixty-ninth and cheering them. They would pack the sidewalks around Col. Cavanagh, who sat on horseback, and, after asking each other who is Col. Cavanagh, would yell in unison, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," in the singular concerted way they have. They also asked what the Sixty-ninth was, and then solemnly announced that it was the bulwark of the nation. The Seventh boys like the Sixty-ninth. The two commands are joined by more than brotherly affection. It was the middle of the afternoon when the last of these time-stayed regiments got under way and swung into a rapid gait between the solid walls of human beings along the noisy and brilliant route.

After the parade, the banquet of 800 persons in the Metropolitan Opera House; after that, the programme for Wednesday, the last of the three days' celebration.

QUEER STORIES ABOUT THE BALL.

New Yorkers were pretty nearly strangers in their own city all yesterday. The reporters carried passes signed by Superintendent Murray, by means of which they passed the police lines. But the citizens generally were unable to get about. Their city had been captured by the soldiers and the strangers.

Yet there were places where New Yorkers got together and gossiped and chatted as even New Yorkers will just as there were actually places, such as East Broadway, for instance, where the poor clothing makers toiled beside the rattle of sewing machines all day long, precisely as if there had never been a George Washington or a cause for the greatest nation's rejoicing. Whenever the citizens met the gossip was almost certain to be about the ball of Monday night.

Whether the astounding reports of what happened at that ball were exaggerated or not it is not easy to say; but if they were not, it is certain that there never was a ball in town so unlicensed as this great assembly became after the supper room was opened.

There were too many stories and they were too nearly alike for there to be much exaggeration about them.

In the first place the affair was mismanaged. After a person surrendered his ticket at the door, no one else demanded his check or other proof of his right to be there. There was no check on the ticket takers. They boasted in the hearing of others that they were letting their friends come in free and in great numbers. Two of the bright young men of THE SUN walked into the ball without being asked for their tickets. The consequence of this state of affairs was such a tremendous jam that the estimate of 10,000 persons in the building seems too low.

Dancing was almost impossible, even after the supper room was crowded. At that time a few couples, constantly changing, waltzed in a little clearing in the centre of the densely crowded floor. There was no improper dancing. The improprieties were committed by people who had drunk too much.

The three blocks of full champagne bottles, about which so much has been said, will be even more notorious when people understand what became of them. They were given out as circulars are distributed on the streets. Some men who went to the counters to ask for a glass of champagne had two-quart magnums handed them, and then were told to get out of the way in order that others might come. Presently all about the room were seen men, each with a quart or two-quart bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, pouring in and drinking down.

The boys and lads got speedily drunk. The ladies, with the most costly and magnificent garments ever seen by the public, had to pick their way over the floor, and as they did so, men who were utter strangers to them pressed glasses of champagne before their faces. Tipsy men tripping on the stairs sometimes caught the slender film of clothing on a lady's shoulder and tore it off, or they trod on the long trains and ripped them at their waists. Lace handkerchiefs, gloves, and other such things littered the floor.

There is said to have been much trouble in the coat room. A line that reached to it took the form of a loop, and there were men who spent an hour in moving from one point around to the same point in the other part of the line. It took an hour and a half to get to the cloak room, and now there are many loud complaints by persons who couldn't get their clothes after they reached the counters. The attendants can scarcely be blamed. Earlier in the evening, before there was any of this confusion, they faced an incessant pushing, reaching, scrambling crowd of men. Small wonder that some lost their hats and coats. Perhaps it is not more wonderful that the police area aid to have lost their tempers and to have brandished their night sticks when the drunken men in this line became good-naturedly unruly.

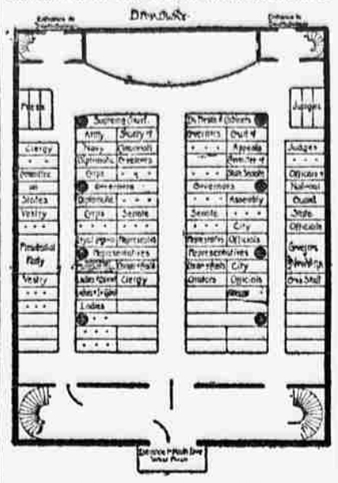
Altogether, it seems that THE SUN was right in calling it the ball of the century for more reasons than because of its size.

PLAIN SPOKEN AT ST. PAUL'S.

Bishop Potter Gives the President an Unusual Kind of Sermon.

The doors of St. Paul's Church were opened shortly after 8 A. M., and the galleries rapidly filled, but the body of the building, being reserved, was occupied more slowly, and there were many pews with but one or two occupants even when the entire congregation had gathered together. Although the morning sunlight filled the church with a golden glow, the double circle of gas in the chancel was lighted, bathing in brightness the daisies, carnations, azaleas, and hydrangeas on each side of the altar underneath. Palms and spiræ were banked in front of the pulpit and reading desk, and there was a cluster of American flags at each side of the chancel. Flowers also filled each of the old-fashioned windows. A gilt eagle, supporting two flags, ornamented each of the pillars supporting the galleries, and in front of the organ loft, facing the chancel, were the flags which celebrated their triumph over the Union Jack a century ago—the American flag with thirteen stars, and the royal standard of France.

Following is a plan of the reserved part of the church, the black spots indicating pillars:



SEATING PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

As already indicated, not all for whom places were kept availed themselves of their privileges. Among those who did were ex-President Cleveland, R. B. Hayes, Senator Evarts, ex-Secretary Bayard, and Lieut.-Gov. Jones, who occupied the front seat on the south of the middle aisle, which was reserved for ex-Presidents and their Cabinets. Ex-President Cleveland and Mr. Hayes sat next to each other. Gov. Hill, with his staff, occupied the pews reserved for them under the south gallery, opposite the President's pew on the other side of the church. The pew in which Gov. Hill sat is the same that Gov. Clinton used 100 years ago. The State coat of arms was over the Governor's pew and the national over the President's. Mayor Grant sat in the pew kept for him on the other side of the aisle from the Presidential pew.

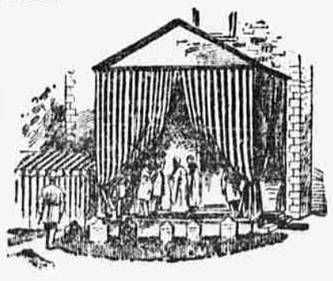
In the seats reserved for clergymen were the Rev. Father Osborne of Boston, who with his shaven face, Roman collar, and monkish habit, looked for all the world like a Catholic priest. Next to him was the Rev. Dr. Joseph D. Wickham, uncle of the ex-Mayor, and the oldest living graduate of Yale College. He was born in 1797, and was graduated from Yale in 1815. He told ex-Mayor Wickham, as they passed Canal street on their way to the church, that he remembered when there was a creek there. Nearly opposite the clergyman was Chauncey M. Depew, who sat in solitary state most of the time, and responded devoutly. Not far behind Mr. Depew the gaunt form of Senator Sherman was visible, with Senator Ingalls next to him. Gen. Sherman sat some distance from his brother.

Others present were Cyrus W. Field, Elbridge T. Gerry, Hamilton Fish, Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Judge Blatchford, M. Romero, the Mexican Minister; Gen. Alexander Webb, Gen. Grant Wilson, John B. Ireland, Father Lavelle, Wm. E. Dodge, James T. Sparkman, Gen. O. O. Howard, and all the members of the Senate and Legislature who were deputed to attend.

The persons present were shown to their places by the ushers, whose revolutionary pedigrees have been printed, who wore black Prince Albert frock coats, white silk cravats, and white kid gloves with black stitching on the back.

PRESIDENT HARRISON ARRIVES.

President Harrison, in an open barouche, accompanied by the Vice-President and W. G. Hamilton, was whirled down Broadway in about twenty-five minutes from Vice-President Morton's house, and arrived at the Vesey street entrance to the church yard before the hour set for the services to begin, 9 A. M. Consequently the President was ahead of the crowd, who were not expecting him. Inspector Steers had his headquarters at the Vesey street gate, and the street and sidewalk on Vesey street and on the Broadway side of the church were kept clear. Warden Stephen P. Nash gave the President his arm and escorted him up two stone steps and along a stone flag walk beneath a red awning, a distance of twenty paces, to the church porch. Warden Allan Campbell performed the same service for Vice-President Morton.



ENTERING ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

The Presidential party, escorted by a detachment of the ushers, proceeded up the middle aisle, and then around to the old Washington pew under the north gallery. The congregation rose at sight of the President. President Harrison and Vice-President Morton sat down in two of the cane-bottomed chairs in the middle of the veritable square pew in which George Washington sat a century ago, while all the members of the Cabinet but Secretary Blaine, who was not present, sat in the immediate

IN WASHINGTON'S PEW.

neighborhood. Near them also sat Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Morton, and the other ladies connected with the party.

THE SERVICE OPENS.

At exactly 9, Organist Leo Koffer with his choir of thirty voices began "Before Jehovah's awful throne," and a double line of clergymen in white surplices marched down the middle aisle to the chancel. They were: Bishop Potter of New York, Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, Bishop Perry of Iowa, and Bishop Quintard of Tennessee; Archdeacons Alexander Mackay-Smith of New York county, W. R. Johnson of Orange, F. B. Van Kleeck of Westchester, and Henry L. Ziegenfuss of Dutchess county; Drs. Dix and Mulchahey, and the Rev. W. Montague Geer. Several of the clergymen wore the red ribbon of their Oxford degree.

Dr. Dix, as rector of Trinity Parish, of which St. Paul's is a chapel, read the opening part of the service, and Dr. Mulchahey, as rector of St. Paul's, the prayers at the close. Bishop Littlejohn read the first lesson, which was from the forty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, and Bishop Quintard the second, which was from the eighth chapter of John. All the congregation joined in repeating the creed, and Father Osborne crossed himself at its close. After the hymn, "Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise," Bishop Potter made an address, in which he said:

NO COMPLIMENTS IN BISHOP POTTER'S ADDRESS.

The conception of the national Government as a huge machine, existing mainly for the purpose of rewarding partisan service—this was a conception so alien to the character and conduct of Washington and his associates that it seems grotesque even to speak of it. It would be interesting to imagine the first President of the United States confronted with some one who had ventured to approach him upon the basis of what are now commonly known as "practical politics." But the conception is impossible. The loathing the outraged majesty with which he would have bidden such a creature to begone (we thought dowed) by the gentle dignity with which just before his inauguration, replying to one who had the strongest claims upon his friendship, and who had applied to him during the progress of the "Presidential campaign," as we should say, for the promise of an appointment to office, he wrote:

Should it be my fate to administer the Government I will go the chair under no engagement of any kind or nature whatever. And when in it, I will, to the best of my judgment, discharge the duties of the office with that impartiality and zeal for the public good which ought never to suffer connections of blood or friendship to have the least sway on decisions of a public nature.

On this high level moved the first President of the republic. To it must we who are the heirs of her sacred interests be not unwilling to ascend, if we are to guard our glorious heritage!

And this all the more because the perils which confront us are so much graver and more portentious than those which then impended. There is (if we are not afraid of the wholesome medicine that there is in consenting to see it), an element of infinite sadness in the effort which we are making to-day. Ransacking the annals of our fathers as we have been doing for the last few months, a busy and well-meaning assiduity would fain reproduce the scene, the scenery, the situation, of an hundred years ago! Vain and impotent endeavor! It is as though out of the lineaments of living men we would fain produce another Washington. We may disinter the vanished draperies, we may revive the stately minuet, we may rehabilitate the old scenes, but the march of a century cannot be halted or reversed, and the enormous change in the situation can neither be disguised nor ignored. Then we were, though not

BISHOP POTTER.

all of us sprung from one nationality, practically one people. Now, that steadily deteriorating process against whose dangers a great thinker of our own generation warned his countrymen just fifty years ago, goes on, on every hand, apace.

"The constant importation," wrote the author of "The Weal of Nations," "as now, in this country, of the lowest orders of people from abroad to dilute the quality of our natural manhood, is a sad and beggarly prostitution of the noblest gift ever conferred on a people. Who shall respect a people who do not respect their own blood? And how shall a national spirit, or any determinate and proportionate character, arise out of so many low-bred associations and coarse-grained temperaments, imported from every clime? It was (indeed) in keeping that Pan, who was the son of everybody, was the ugliest of the gods."

And again: Another enormous difference between this day and that of which it is the anniversary, is seen in the enormous difference in the nature and influence of the forces that determine our national and political destiny. Then ideas ruled the hour. To-day there are indeed, ideas that rule our hour, but they must be merchantable ideas. The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, which by their very existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swagger of our American speech and manners, mistaking bigness for greatness, and sadly confounding gain and godliness—all this is a contrast to the austere simplicity, the unpurchasable integrity of the first days and first men of our republic, which makes it impossible to reproduce to-day either the temper or the conduct of our fathers.

As we turn the pages backward, and come upon the story of that 30th of April in the year of our Lord 1789, there is a certain stateliness in the air, a certain ceremoniousness in the manners, which we have banished long ago. We have exchanged the Washington dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was, in truth, only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity. And what have we gotten in exchange for